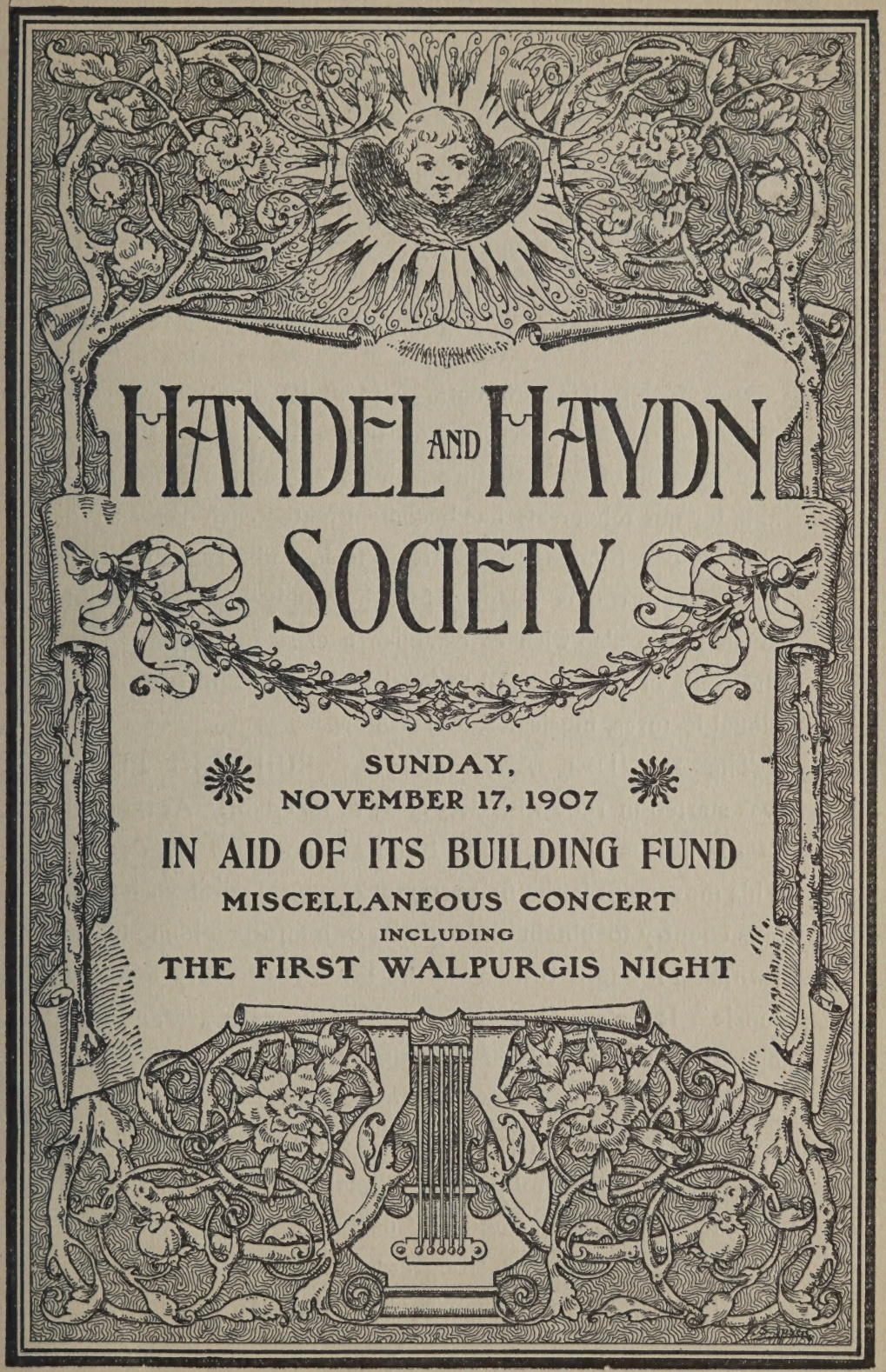

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

SUNDAY,
NOVEMBER 17, 1907

IN AID OF ITS BUILDING FUND

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

INCLUDING

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT

The Building Fund

OF THE

Handel and Haydn Society

WHAT IT MEANS

Our Society has now entered upon its ninety-third year of continuous active service and has no building of its own. The necessity for a structure which shall contain a hall suitable for our rehearsals has become greater each year. We also need a room for our large musical library, committee rooms, and rooms adapted for the study and practice of music. We also wish to establish a class for beginners in the study of oratorio, and to furnish an opportunity for occasional lectures, musicales, and recitals.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN BUILDING FUND was started in 1902 with $2,555.03 to its credit. At the end of the season of 1907, the Fund amounted to $14,653.60. This movement is the first attempt of any Musical Society in this country to obtain through its own efforts a home of its own, and it ought to awaken the interest of every lover of music. It is desired to increase this fund each year, and we appeal to the friends of the Society and to all lovers of music to assist in this worthy object.

Donations and bequests may be made to the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, designating the gift as a donation to its Building Fund. Checks may be addressed to George F. Daniels, 279 Congress St., or Elihu G. Loomis, 28 State St., Boston, Trustees of the Building Fund.

Handel and Haydn Society

NINETY-THIRD SEASON

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH CONCERT

IN AID OF ITS BUILDING FUND

Sunday Evening, November 17, 1907

AT 7.30

Part I.

MARCH from Suite No. 1. Op. 113 . . . *Lachner*
Orchestra

"HEAR MY PRAYER" Solo and Chorus . *Mendelssohn*
Solo by MISS HARRIOT EUDORA BARROWS

RECITATIVE "Deeper and Deeper Still" }
AIR "Waft Her Angels" } from Jephtha *Handel*
MR. GEORGE HAMLIN

ARIA "Tatjana" from "Eugen Onegin" . *Tschaikowsky*
MRS. ISABELLE BOUTON

ANDANTE CANTABILE from String Quartet
Op. 11 . . . *Tschaikowsky*
String Orchestra

ARIA "Lusingh e Piu Care" from Alexander . *Handel*
MISS BARROWS

RECITATIVE AND ARIA from "Iphigenie en Tauride" *Gluck*
MR. EMILIO de GOGORZA

CHORUS "Thanks Be to God" from Elijah . *Mendelssohn*

Part II.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT *Mendelssohn*
Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ
Solos by MRS. BOUTON
MR. GOGORZA
MR. HAMLIN
MR. OSCAR HUNTTING

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, *Conductor*
MR. H. G. TUCKER, *Organist*

The thanks of the Society are tendered to the Conductor, the Organist, and the Soloists, who have all volunteered their services for this Concert.

Boston Festival Orchestra
MR. J. W. CROWLEY, Principal

"HEAR MY PRAYER" Solo and Chorus

Solo by MISS BARROWS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

BORN IN HAMBURG, FEBRUARY 3, 1809. DIED IN LEIPSIC, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

Motet for Soprano Solo and Chorus. Words by W. Bartholomew. Composed in 1844 for the Cathedral in Berlin. Dedicated to W. Taubert. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, May 7, 1874; present performance the sixth.

Hear my prayer, O God; incline thine ear: thyself from my petition do not hide. Take heed to me: hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee. Without Thee all is dark — I have no guide.

The enemy shouteth: the godless come fast:
Iniquity, hatred upon me they cast.
The wicked oppress me: ah, where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry.

My heart is sorely pained within my breast:
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed:
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall:
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.

Oh for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove;
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there forever at rest.

RECITATIVE "Deeper and Deeper Still"
AIR "Waft her Angels" } **from Jephtha . . *Handel***

MR. HAMLIN

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking, — Yet — have I not vow'd?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities?
Ah! no; heav'n heard my thoughts and wrote them down —
It must be so. — 'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness. — Horrid thought! —
My only daughter! — so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father! — Yes — the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes —
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn — I can no more.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, forever reign.

ARIA "Tatjana" from "Eugen Onegin" . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

MRS. BOUTON

Und sei's mein Untergang, erfahren will ich zuvor, was schon seit Jahren verschwiegne Herzenswünsche fragen, die ungestüm an's Licht sich wagen.

. . . . . .

Du bist vom Schicksal mir beschieden, ich bin vom Himmel dir vermählt!
Nicht hat das Schicksal mich verblendet, das sel'ge Hoffnungen mir gab.
Gott selbst hat dich zu mir gesendet, mein Hort bist du bis an das Grab.
Du bist mir oft im Traum erschienen und unbekannt schon liebt' ich dich.
Dein holder Blick bethörte mich und deiner Stimme musst' ich dienen!

. . . . . .

Nicht wahr, du warst mein Schlummersegen, Du warst im Geist mir immer nah, Du warst's, den ich auf allen Wegen bei Armen und beim Krankenpflegen beständig sah, Du warst's, den ich beständig hörte, der all mein Sinnen mir bethörte, dess' Bild mich eingewiegt zur Nacht, hast Kosenamen mir gegeben, erwecket mich zu neuem Leben und holdes Hoffen angefacht!

ARIA "Lusinghe Piu Care" from Alexander . . . . *Handel*

MISS BARROWS

Lusingh e piu care, d'amorveri dardi, vezzose volate sul labbro, nei guardi e tutta in volate l'altrui liberta, e tutta in volate l'altrui liberta, liberta.
Gelosi sospetti, diletti conpene, fra gioie e tormenti, momenti di spene voi l'armi sarete, voi l'armi sarete di vaga belta.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA from "Iphigenie en Tauride" . . *Glück*

MR. GOGORZA

De noirs pressentiments mon ame intimidée,
De sinistres terreurs est sans cesse obsédée;
Le jour blesse mes yeux et semble s'obscurcir,
J'éprouve l'effroi des coupables!
Je crois voir sous mes pas la terre s'entr'ouvrir,
Et l'enfer prêt à m'engloutir dans ses abîmes effroyables
Dans ses abîmes effroyables!

Je ne sais quelle voix crie au fond de mon coeur:
Tremble, ton supplice s'apprête!
La nuit de ces tourments redouble encor l'horreur!
Et les foudres d'un Dieu vengeur semblent suspendus sur ma tête!

CHORUS "Thanks Be to God" from Elijah . . . *Mendelssohn*

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and almighty!

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT . . *Mendelssohn*

Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

Solos by MRS. BOUTON
MR. GOGORZA
MR. HAMLIN
MR. HUNTTING

Music by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Words by Goethe.
English version by W. Bartholomew. Second performance by the Society.

OVERTURE.

(Portraying the change from Winter to Spring.)

No. 1. — *Druid* SOLO (TENOR), *and* CHORUS *of Druids and People.*

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,
The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wint'ry white;
Upon it we will gather, —
Begin the ancient holy rite, —
Praise our Almighty Father.
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

No. 2. — SOLO (ALTO). — *An aged Woman of the People.*

Know ye not, a deed so daring
Dooms us all to die despairing?
Know ye not, it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?
Know ye, spies and snares are hidden.
For the sinners call'd "the heathen?"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter:
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

CHORUS *of Women.*

On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
They oppress us,
They distress us!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

No. 3. — *Druid Priest* (BARITONE), *and* CHORUS *of Druids.*

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,
We shall not be detected:
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear, —
Show duty's claim respected.

No. 4. — Chorus *of Druid Guards.*

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
Secure the passes round the glen!
In silence there protect them,
Whose duties here direct them.

No. 5. — Solo (Bass). — *Druid Guard.*

Should our Christian foes assail us,
Aid a scheme that may avail us!
Feigning demons, whom they fable,
We will scare the bigot rabble!

No. 6. — Chorus *of Guards and People.*

Come with torches brightly flashing,
Rush along with billets clashing.
Through the nightgloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow.
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us, and scare the cravens!

No. 7. — Solo (Baritone). — *Druid Priest, and* Chorus.

Restrain'd by Might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee!
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,
And humbly bow before Thee!
Thou can'st assuage
Our foemen's rage,
And shield us from their terrors —
The flame aspires!
The smoke retires!
Thus clear our faith from errors!
Our customs quell'd,
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine for ever.

No. 8. — Solo (Tenor). — *A Christian Guard.*

Help, my comrades! see a legion
Yonder comes from Satan's region!
See yon group of witches gliding
To and fro' in flames advancing;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing!
What a clattering troop of evil!
Let us, let us quickly fly them!
Imp and devil
Lead the revel,
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!

Chorus *of Guards.*

See the horrid haggards gliding,
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing,
With the Fiend in flames advancing!
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!
Let us fly them, let us fly!

No. 9. — Chorus *of Druids and People.*

Unclouded now, the flame is bright!
Thus faith from error sever!
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Yet Thine, Thy light shall shine for ever!

HANDEL *and* HAYDN SOCIETY

SEASON 1907-1908

Symphony Hall, Boston

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1907

THE MESSIAH

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1907

THE MESSIAH

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1908

VERDI'S REQUIEM

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1908

SAMSON AND DELILAH